

# THE CHRISTIAN SUN

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"LOOKING UNTO JESUS THE AUTHOR AND FINISHER OF OUR FAITH."

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## The Christian Sun.

The Organ of the General Convention of the Christian Church.

### CARDINAL PRINCIPLES.

1. The Lord Jesus is the only Head of the church.
2. The name Christian, to the exclusion of all party or sectarian names.
3. The Holy Bible, or the Scriptures of the old and New Testaments, sufficient rule of faith and practice.
4. Christian character, or vital piety the only test of fellowship or membership.
5. The right of private judgment, and the liberty of conscience, the privilege and duty of all.

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### FACTS AND FIGURES.

The pin factories of the United States manufacture about 18,000,000, 000 pins per year.

The Dominion of Canada has an area of 3,382,000 square miles, and comprises one-sixteenth of the land surface of the globe.

Ignorance hinders in any calling and position.—It both incapacitates and defeats in the service of Christ.—*The Presbyterian.*

In Iceland, with sixty-six thousand population, a murder which has just

occurred is the first for fifty-six years, and the whole island is in an intense state of excitement.

Lake Ontario is now lower than ever before since it was known to white men. It is estimated that it would require 2,541,000,000 tons of water to bring it up to its normal level.

The first yard of cloth ever made in the Rocky Mountain country was turned out of loom 369, in the new cotton mill in Denver on Thursday, November 12. It was made from cotton grown in Texas.—*Boston Transcript.*

According to the *Youth's Companion* the first book printed in the English language in America was a book of Psalms. This was printed in 1640 in the Massachusetts Bay settlement, and called the Bay Psalm Book. A few years since one of these sold in New York City for \$1,200.

Five more rooms have been laid open in that part of Pompeii which has been uncovered this year, and not far from the forum. Visitors were astonished to find in them a number of pieces of bread which must have been wrapped up in napkins, the tissue of which is still in a perfect state of preservation.

Unitarianism by itself perishes with cold and hunger. It can have a kind of life by being kept in association with the warmth and nourishment that are found within the evangelical communions. There it now seeks to establish itself under the protection of the old creeds and standards, until it requires such strength that these also may be swept away.—*The Observer.*

The largest steam shovel in the world is digging out phosphate in the mines at John's Island, near Charleston, S. C. Its weight is fifty-six tons. It can dig to a depth of ten feet below its track and to a distance of forty-five feet on either side. The dipper, which can swing through two-thirds of a circle, has a capacity of one and three-quarters cubic yards; and about two dippers can be handled in a minute.

Law and justice are noble callings. Medicine and the ministry cannot be impaired without our physical and moral life withering; without our great business and agricultural and mechanical worlds degenerating. Neither can our American newspapers retrograde from their present high standard of aim and attainment without all the people suffering for it suffering more than they can realize in advance.—*Hon. John Addison Porter.*

It is very possible for a man to think his conscience is more enlightened than it once was, when in truth it has become more indifferent to right. If we allow ourselves in any practice from which we formerly shrunk we need to fear lest it comes from the searing of conscience. We may do things now with impunity which once would have grieved us, and yet not be one whit more satisfied of the lawfulness of our action.—*Christian Inquirer.*

The statistics lately published of deaths of travellers by rail in the countries of the world show that in the United States there are more than eight times as many in proportion to the whole number of travellers as on the Continent of Europe, and many more than in Great Britain. In that country no charter is given for a road except on two conditions: the block system, which permits no train to enter a given section till the preceding train has left it; and no grade crossing.—*Christian Advocate.*

There are Methodists who are little and literal and sectarian. There are Methodists who are large and liberal and catholic. They are Methodist Christians. They hold with the heart the essential verities. They keep the intellect open and active in the study of the real meanings, bearings, and best modes of expressing these verities. They have an enlightened and tender and healthy conscience. They seek to cultivate all their varied powers, while they live and trust and rest in Christ.—*Bishop J. H. Vincent.*

The Emperor of Japan dissolved the House of Representatives of the Japanese Diet on December 25th, 1891, according to Article 7th of the Constitution. The House of Peers is prorogued, and a new election of members of Lower House will be held. The reason given is that the Government wishes to test public opinion concerning the action of the popular party in the Diet in persistently opposing all Government measures. Three specifications are presented: 1. That the opposition insists upon reductions in national expenditure, which, if adopted, would be fatal to administrative efficiency; 2, it persists in postponing debate on urgent bills, such as those for the relief of the sufferers from the recent earthquakes; 3, it has rejected without debate bills for national defense, railway extension and for lightening local taxation. Immediately after the dissolution the Government, on its own responsibility, immediately issued an ordinance for the relief of the sufferers, from the earthquakes, for repair of embankments, appropriating more than \$4,000,000 in addition to the \$3,000,000 already granted.—*Independent.*

### The Work at Norfolk, Va.,

It will be seen from Doctor C. J. Jones' article that a move will be made soon to build for the Christians in the city of Norfolk, Va., a house of worship in keeping with the city and the demands of our people. It was understood from the first that this house was to be built by the united brotherhood, and was to be known as the Memorial Church.

As the financial boat will soon be launched, we hope every department, south, east, north and west will throw in so fast that it will be said, enough. No place is of more importance to us now than Norfolk.

We hear that the work there under the labors of Doctor C. J. Jones, is doing exceedingly well.

—Temptations are a file that rubs off the rust of self-confidence.—*Fenelon.*



## Duty.

If one does his best he can not please all,  
'Twere folly indeed to try,  
He must faithfully heed stern duty's call,  
And wait for the "bye and bye."

Trials will come; they are part of man's lot;

Why fight what God ordains?  
If our hopes be dashed—let us murmur not,  
For grief will increase our pains.

If strong, firm and true, in the path of right,

The record we make will stand,  
And will, through eternity, grow more bright,  
As it shines in God's fair land.

So with zeal let us do each needful task,  
And dare to be firm and true  
Thus virtue shall live when this life is passed,  
And bear rich fruitage too.

D. E. MILLARD.

Portland, Mich.

## OUR PULPIT.

## The Sorrow of Old Age Without Religion.

BY REV. JAMES MAPLE, D. D.

If a man live many years, so that the days of his years be many, and his soul be not filled with good, I say, that an untimely birth is better than he. Eccl. 6:7.

The author of our text was a man of great wisdom, wide and varied experience; and was well qualified to judge what course in life will lead to the happiest results. In our text he supposes a man who had reached the utmost limits of human life, but had not filled his soul with goodness. Such a life is a failure, and "an untimely birth is better than he." A man may live such a life that it would be better that he had never existed. Christ said, "The Son of Man goeth as it is written of him: but woe unto that man by whom the Son of Man is betrayed! It had been good for that man if he had not been born." What an awful failure such a life, and how inexpressibly sad its results.

There are two leading points in our text that every young person should carefully consider, for they are of supreme interest.

1. *The true object in life should be to fill the soul with good.* The soul is the man, and he should fill himself with God. This is possible, for God has promised, under certain conditions, to make his abode in man. Christ said, "If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." God will dwell in man by his truth, love, and spirit. This will lift him out of his sensual nature, and fill him with goodness. The heart is the fountain of life, and if this is full of God it will bring him into harmonious relation with nature, man, and the laws of the divine government.

Hence the exhortation, "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life."

Man should fill his mind with good thoughts. The thoughts create the disposition that governs the mind, and thus determine the character of man. The Bible says, "Eat thou not the bread of him that hath an evil eye, neither desire thou his dainty meats: for as he thinketh in his heart, so is he." The thoughts that men indulge leave their impress upon the soul. "Can a man take fire in his bosom, and his clothes not be burned?" Thoughts awaken emotion, and emotion leads to action. A man thinks upon a certain thing, and this creates in his heart a desire to possess it. If the object desired is good it will elevate and make him a better man, but if it is evil it will degrade him. How important then that we fill the mind with good thoughts. Paul understood this; hence he said to his Philippian brethren: "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." Thoughts are like company. Pure, cultivated, and noble persons will have a refining and elevating influence upon us, that will help us up into a better life; but impure and vicious associations corrupt the soul. Paul says, "Be not deceived: evil communications corrupt good manners." Good thoughts are blessed guests, and we should make them heartily welcome; but evil thoughts should be driven out of our minds.

Man should fill his heart with good desires; desires after holiness, God, and heaven. We cannot control our desires by a direct act of the will, but they will follow the thoughts and meditations of the mind. Christ says, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled." We can create good desires in our hearts by studying the nature and character of God, the purity, beauty, and elevating character of his laws, the usefulness and happiness that comes from obeying them, the joy and glory that crowns the life of a Christian here and in Heaven. This study will kindle a desire in the heart for all that is pure and good.

Man should fill his heart with love, tenderness, affection, and kindness. This he can do by making the character of Christ, the relation he sustains to God and his fellow men, and the circumstances in which he is placed here in this life, a subject of thought. The study of the spotless purity and spiritual loveliness of Christ, will transform and mold our

spirit and character. Paul says, "But we all with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."

A man should fill his mind with good motives. He should ever keep a noble object before his mind, and seek only that which is good. Paul says, "Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." A noble object held before the mind as something to be attained will lift us above all that is mean, and save us from groveling devices and meanness. There are two ways of reaching the mountain top: The serpent crawls there on his belly, but the eagle soars there through the pure air of heaven. A noble motive makes a noble man.

If a man fills his mind and heart with all these pure and inspiring things, and is governed by them, he will come down to a happy old age. His heart will remain young and joyful; but unfortunately some men fill their minds and hearts with evil, and come down to a wretched old age.

2. Our text is a striking description of the sad condition of an old man without religion. "His soul is not filled with good." The old man is just what the past has made him, and he must reap the fruit of what he has sown. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." A man may live an honest life, do an honest business, and accumulate a fortune; but if the money is the end for which he works, and he looks not beyond it to his higher and eternal interests, he will come down to an unhappy old age. Then he finds himself physically incapacitated for business, the excitement and pleasure that came from it are all gone. The happiness he enjoyed in the gratification of his passions has fled, for they have failed. He can no longer indulge in sensual pleasures. His capacity for this is gone forever, and he realizes it. He sees his life drawing to a close, and the shadows gathering around him. When he thinks of God he realizes that he has no fellowship with Him, and he finds no peace nor happiness in the thought that he will soon stand in his presence. When he looks forward beyond the grave into eternity he sees no light there. All is dark. What a cheerless state. His wealth can do nothing for him now. "An untimely birth is better than he."

The passions and habits a man forms while living a sinful life render him miserable in his old age. Suppose that in the pursuit of wealth he develops the spirit of covetousness, and hardens his heart against all the claims of humanity. He may suc-

ceed in accumulating his millions, but the process through which he passes in doing this disqualifies him for the enjoyment of his wealth. Baccus gave to Midas the power to turn everything he touched into gold. This proved a dreadful curse to him. Water, food, everything he touched turned to gold, and left him starving. Thus it is in old age with the man who lives for money. A man may indulge a sinful ambition, and an unholy pride through life. It leaves him in old age haughty and ill natured, a curse to himself and to society. A man may live a licentious and intemperate life for years with seeming impunity, but it will bring him to an old age of shame and misery. A man may disregard God, spurn the Bible, mock at all holy things, and live an infidel life; but it leaves him helpless and hopeless in old age. He has nothing to give him consolation in sorrow, strength in weakness, and hope in death. The urbane, the powerful, the envied, but infidel Chesterfield says: "I have run the silly rounds of pleasure and of business, and I have done with them all. I have enjoyed all the pleasures of this world. I appraise them at their real value, which in truth is very low. When I reflect, I can hardly persuade myself that all that frivolous hurry, and bustle, and pleasure of the world had any reality; and I looked on what has passed as one of those wild dreams which opiate occasions, and I by no means desire to repeat the nauseous dose for the sake of the fugitive illusion. Shall I tell you that I bear this melancholy situation with that meritorious resignation which most men boast of? No, I cannot help it. I bear it because I must, whether I will or not. I think of nothing but killing time the best way I can now that he has become mine enemy." There is where a life of pleasure leaves a man. "An untimely birth is better than he."

A man in old age may possess all the outer means of happiness, and there may be no earthly power that can call him to an account for his sins; yet there is an accuser and executioner in his own soul that makes him feel his guilt and suffer the bitter consequences of his wrong doing, and that is conscience. A man and his wife were executed at Aunsburg for murder committed twenty-one years before. Weneze, a lawyer, removed to Aunsburg, where he became intimate in the family of M. Glegg, to whose daughter he paid his addresses; but the father did not sanction his visits; he met the daughter privately and persuaded her, in order to remove the only obstacle in the way to their union, to administer poison to her father. The horrid plan succeeded; no suspicions were entertained, and their union put them in possession of the old man's wealth. During a period of twenty-one years they lived externally happy, but in secret a prey to the greatest remorse. At length, unable to endure any longer



the terrible weight of remorse, the wife confessed the crime, and they were both punished. They were not guilty to others, but they were guilty to themselves. This destroyed their happiness, and there is no escape from conscience. Blinded by passion men do not see this till it is too late.

"Be sure your sins will find you out." I was reading not more than a month ago of a man in Pennsylvania. In 1866 there were two men that had a falling out at a dance, and soon after one of them was missing. Search was made, and he could not be found. A number of years after the one that survived him went mad, and he went up into a mining district where there was a shaft down in the earth, and as he would look at that shaft he would cry, "There! There! There he goes! See him!" And they took him to the mad house and locked him up, and he died. A little while ago they found the skeleton of a man down in that pit, and it is supposed that he pushed him in. Memory began to do its work and it drove the man mad. Don't think that you can go on sinning day after day, that it is light matter that God is not going to bring you into judgment. It is a terrible thing. Sin is an awful thing.

Men, in their plans of life, do not recognize the fact that all will end in death; and that they must go hence into eternity. This is a strange sad fact. Taken up with the things of this life, and living only for the objects of earthly ambition, death comes as an awful disaster to the man of the world. It defeats his plans, and extinguishes his hopes. They all go out in the darkness of death. He is without God having no hope. Not a single ray of light comes from the other world. A distinguished man lay dying when a great mark of distinction and honor was brought to him. Turning a cold glance at the treasure he once would have clutched with eager grasp, he said with a sigh, "Alas! this is a very fine thing in this country; but I am going to a country where it will be of no use to me." A man may surround himself with all the advantages of wealth, may drink at every fountain of earthly pleasure, may encircle his brow with the laurel of glory, may live a brilliant life the admiration of his fellow men; but it all ends in death, and he goes hence without hope. Such a life is a sad failure, young men, will you choose such a life as his? "Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of the evil men."

A recent writer affords the following impressive contrast: "Is this all of life?" So said a man of wealth, lying upon a sick bed, he looked back over fifty years—fifty years of

pleasure and ease. He had loved dear friends, and they were dead. He had cherished great hopes, and they were not all realized; still his life had seemed happier than most of his fellows. But he had lived for self, not for Christ; he had laid up his treasure on earth, not in heaven; and now, as he looked back on fifty years, they seemed a blank; and as he looked forward a darker unknown blank obscured his vision. An aged Christian, as he was passing away, said, "I am just beginning to live. This life is not all of life, it is only the first step."

To the man whose soul is filled with good the changing seasons bring no paralyzing sorrows. His affections never grow old. His heart grown younger as the years roll on. As Dr. (Oliver Wendell Holmes sings.

"For him in vain the envious sea o'er  
Who hath eternal summer in his soul."

#### Widowhood.

How many hearts to day are stricken with a new grief, a desolation which they have never known before! The strong staff is broken, the arm on which they leaned is palsied and helpless in the grave, the tender voice which gave them words of cheer is hushed in death, the gentle hand that wiped their tears away is cold and pulseless; and there comes to the widowed a sorrow which they have never known before, a sadness which they cannot describe.

The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger intermeddeth not. There are the common phrases of fashionable consolation, the proper platitudes of those whose hearts have never been broken, the chatter of callers who come and go, and tell their tales and carry their news, till sometimes the stricken one can hardly find a place to weep, and the heart seems breaking with an unutterable sadness, a grief for which earth has no remedy.

But there is One who is mindful of the affliction and sorrows of his people, who has said to them, "I will not leave you comfortless," and who in the day of sorrow is nigh unto all them that call upon him. And he who has formed the human heart with all its ties of tenderness and love, knows all the anguish of the days and nights of grief and sorrow and widowhood. And how tenderly he has always dealt with those who were bereft and widowed. Has he not said, "Leave thy fatherless children, and let thy widows trust in me?" Has he not fenced the helplessness of widowhood and orphanage with the solemn sanctions of his law, and forbidden men to oppress the widow or the fatherless? Has he not said, "A father of the fatherless, and a judge of widows, is God in his holy habitation?" And was not the last

word of comfort he ever gave in the hour of his mortal agony, that word which consigned a widowed mother to a dear disciple's care, saying, "Woman, behold thy son; Son, behold thy mother"? And has not he who spoke such words of tenderness, the same sympathy for widowhood to-day that he had in the years gone by? Is he not the same yesterday, to-day and forever? And does he not love us with an everlasting love, and pity us with a pity which knows no limit?

Shall we not then go to him in all our sorrow and affliction and temptation? Shall we not learn to cast all our care on him, because he careth for us? What though friends may leave us and enemies assail us? What though we may be called to bear temptation and trial and reproach? It is only a little while. The night of weeping shall be over, the day of conflict shall be passed, and we shall rest secure in the embrace of him who died to redeem us; we shall rejoice triumphant in the likeness of him who lives to make intercession for us. The days of weakness and weariness shall pass away forever, the time of temptation and affliction shall soon be over. We are nearing the shores where the blessed shall meet and greet each other, their warfare accomplished, their conflicts ended, their triumph assured, their victory gained, their broken hearts healed, their severed bonds reunited.

What meetings are before us, what joys await us, what gladness unspeakable shall be our portion? In that day we shall forget the burdens and forget the tears; we shall forget the loneliness and forget the desolation; we shall forget that we are afflicted and test with tempests and not comforted; and there shall settle on our souls that holy calm, that heavenly peace, that endless rest, that remains for the people of God.

O mourning, stricken, struggling, sorrowing one, lift up thy heart in the gladness of the Lord! His joy is your strength, his grace is your support. Give to the winds thy fears, cast off the cares that oppress and burden thy soul! Look up to him who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort those who are in any trouble by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God! There are lonely hearts to cherish; there are other souls whose sadness is deeper than yours can be; there are those whose griefs are heavier than any that you bear; and in comforting them you yourself shall find consolation. Stretch out your hands in helpful love to those who need your pity and your sympathy. Take the Book of God and search it, and see

what a strange new luster will shine upon its pages. You will find promises there the worth of which you never knew till the shadow of affliction fell upon your soul. You will find comfort there which can never be appreciated until the heart is heavy with unutterable grief and the world grows dark around you. Be of good courage, suffering, sighing, sorrowing one. Rest is just ahead. We shall reach the resting place, and sing the song of triumph in the presence of our King and in the congregation of his people.—*Armory.*

#### Elocution and Unreality.

"Why is it," says a writer, "that listening to an elocutionist always gives one a sense of unreality, of sham, of outward polish? I never listened to one, even the very best, but it leaves me with the feeling that all of it is put on, unnatural; and the query arises in my mind, whether that person can ever again do a genuinely natural thing? Speech, gesture, facial expression, everything seems to go by rule."

What is there more distressing than to hear a preacher of the gospel, charged with the solemn messages of the Lord Most High, and uttering the tremendous truths of Divine revelation, and yet doing it in such a way as to convince all hearers that each word, and tone, and gesture has been prescribed, rehearsed, criticised, trimmed and toned down to suit the notions of some elocutionist, who has made the speaker as unreal and artificial as it is possible for him to be.

No man can speak with another's voice. No man can imitate another and still retain the accent of conviction, the tone of profound sincerity, which reaches the heart and sways the minds of others.

Not a little of the disgust which worldly people feel toward worship and preaching is due to the artificial mouthings and whinnings which are used by certain persons in the public services in which they engage. Persons lose all interest in what is said, while they watch the apish mouthings of one who is trying to use another man's voice, and for aught they know to utter another man's thoughts and words. He who wishes "in simplicity and godly sincerity" to testify to the grace of God, will do well to avoid this imitative style of speech. Let a man cultivate, strengthen, deepen and improve his *own* voice as best he can, but let him not try to use another man's voice or imitate in tone, or gesture, or in any other respect the utterances of others. The best man to be like is *yourself*, and when your soul is filled with Divine truths, you will be able to speak "according to the oracles of God," and your words will reach the hearts and sink into the minds of those that hear them.—*Armory.*



# The Union Memorial Christian Church, Norfolk, Va.

At the session of the American Christian Convention, held at Marion, Indiana, the work at Norfolk, Va., in the establishment of a Christian Church was the subject of public consideration and financial appropriation. From the first, this mission has been regarded as the work of the entire brotherhood; and because of its importance, and the fact that it stands at the gate-way between the North and South, the sentiment has prevailed, not only that while as a mission it should receive the fostering care of the general body, but that to facilitate and assure its establishment, the entire brotherhood would unite in the erection of a permanent church edifice, to be known as "The Union Memorial Christian Church, of Norfolk, Va." A resolution to this effect received the unanimous endorsement of the entire convention. The time has come in the judgment of the brethren of the South when the permanent building should be erected, and we are anxious to know as soon as practicable by what method, and to what extent the churches of the North will respond to the call. Aside from other considerations, it is a fact that until work upon the permanent church-building be commenced, the community at large will not recognize the permanence of the work, and this produces a depressing effect upon many who would otherwise be drawn to our church. And again, many have been and are still saying to those who would come to us, "if you unite with the Christians, you will harness yourself to the expense of a new church-building, if they ever have any." Those who for sectarian reasons are opposed to us, make the most of these statements, greatly to our detriment, and increase the difficulties of those of us who are on the ground and are throwing everything we have into the work. During the two years we have been engaged in this work, one hundred and fifty-three names have been enrolled as members of the mission, and the work is prosperous in every respect. But the time has come when from within and without the church there is manifest an increasing desire for a change, as soon as practicable, out of the plank chapel in which we now worship into a permanent church-building, furnished with the necessary facilities for church work, and at the time relieve the congested rollers here from many of the difficulties and objections now arrayed against them. I believe that our brethren of the South, realizing the actual condition and importance of the work in this city, will respond to the utmost of their ability, and in such amounts as to make the new church-building practicable, as soon as called upon, if the brethren of the North will do likewise; and the question I wish to ask the officers and members of the American Christian Convention is this, *to what extent will our brethren of the North respond in the practical execution of the unanimous vote of the*

*Convention, and by what method can we secure the financial assistance necessary to the work proposed.*

C. J. JONES.

## Dialogue Between Uncle Jerry Eulalia and Abner.

### CHAPTER II.

#### THE CHRISTIAN SABBATH AND ITS PURPOSES.

The Christian Church to which Eulalia and Abner belonged stood on the hill and tall cedars and spruce trees, where birds in springtime meet to sing their merry, choral songs, spread their glossy wings in the balmy air and flutter joyfully from branch to branch. On this dear old spot stood the old, antiquated temple, referred to in the first chapter, where the old time fathers and mothers of long ago, enjoyed their old time services. But in its place is now erected a large, costly and imposing structure. In the rear of this beautiful edifice, a monument of honor to God and his cause, is a cemetery, inclosed by iron rails. Here sacred to the memory of many fond and loving hearts sweetly sleeps the mortal remains of friends of other days. Side by side with the wasting dust of two generations passed, are also little new made graves, the sight of which brings to Eulalia and Abner sad memories, and when others meet there on memorial day, and the unbidden tear forces its way down their youthful cheeks, they join others in strewing flowers and evergreens, as precious reminders of the immortal life "beyond the river," whilst faith assures them that they will "know each other there."

Eulalia and Abner were also pupils in a first class graded school, and were making fine progress in their studies. This school was located in a moral and intelligent community—a community fully awake to a proper appreciation of education and especially to the importance of educating the children. In this school, taught by most competent instructors, there were children of parents representing several of the leading denominations of Christians. And as children who honor their parents, generally have a strong predilection to their religion, there was as a matter of course, sometimes a clash of religious sentiment among the children, as with older persons, when such questions are made the subject of conversation. Some of the opinions, early instilled and held dear by Eulalia and Abner, being in this way brought to a test, produced an anxiety in them, for reasons upon which to base stronger arguments. With this state of mind and feelings, Eulalia and Abner appeared before Uncle Jerry.

"Uncle Jerry," said Eulalia, speaking hurriedly and with some degree of animation, "I was speaking to Mary Hoffheimer last week when at school, of our church services and the very pleasant and interesting exer-

cises of our Sabbath school, when she very bluntly and uncouthly said: 'You have no Sabbath School. You have a Monday school and Tuesday school here, and a Sunday school at your church; but you have no Sabbath school! I asked her why? Her reply was because Sunday is not the Sabbath. Saturday is the Sabbath day, was instituted by God as such and taught us by our great leader Moses, referring me as a truth of her declaration to Exodus xx:10, and added, you Gentiles are greatly in error. Without any harsh denial of her statement, I concluded to see you for information upon the subject, as I knew you could explain all to my entire satisfaction. I was almost astounded at what she asserted, although she seemed to be positively in earnest."

"Yes," said Abner "in conversation with Henry Miles the other day during our recess at school, he made a similar statement. I was surprised and puzzled at what he most solemnly averred. I had no idea that there was any one in our Christian land that believed such a doctrine. Yet he with seeming impunity, stood me out that Sunday, the first day of the week, was not the Sabbath, not a holy day, or a day consecrated to the worship of God, and never was. Being a little perplexed at this strange and unheard-of doctrine, like cousin Eulalia, I have come to you for explanation."

As the cousins were looking anxiously and expectantly at Uncle Jerry, he turned his face towards the fire, which was still throwing out a fervid warmth, as with apparent hesitation, or to collect his thoughts, he said: "Dear children, you know I have ever felt a deep interest in your welfare, and I am always ready to do anything reasonable for your moral elevation and spiritual improvement, and especially to give your minds proper direction in any important Christian thought or doctrine, and I think I can set your minds at rest or make the matter plain and satisfactory to you both. Mary Hoffheimer's parents are Jews or Israelites as they generally call themselves and therefore reject Christ and all Christian or New Testament doctrine. Henry Miles' parents are Seven Day Baptists, and therefore whilst they are immersionist as other Baptists, they hold to the Jewish doctrine of observance of the seventh day as Sabbath. There are several families of the Baptists, and this doctrine of observance of the seventh day—Saturday as Sabbath, distinguishes them from all others as "Seven Day Baptists."

"But Uncle Jerry," said Abner, "how many families of Baptists are there, as you speak of 'several'?"

There are eight or nine in all. There are the Old School or Primitive Baptist, the Mission Baptist, the Six Principle Baptist, the German Baptist, the Freewill Baptist, the Seven Day Baptist, the Independent Baptist, a small denomination, who recently separated from the Mission Baptist in Eastern North Carolina, as well as the Disciples who might be termed as one of the Baptist family. But I may have occasion to speak of the various denominations and their distinguishing characteristics, hereafter.

UNCLE ZEBB

[To be continued.]

## MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT.

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

### An Inquirer's Letter.

The following letter was sent by Mrs. Yates with this comment:—

"Dr. Ella Swinney's medical work of seven years has produced some very pleasing results. This letter shows one such case. I know her very well, and can testify. Her mission is the Seventh Day Baptist. E. M. Y."

The very interesting letter given below was written to Dr. Swinney by a young lady, the only child of a wealthy family living in the native city Shanghai. The doctor had been called to visit the family professionally, and had told them "the old, old story Jesus and his love."

"Dr. Swinney:—Peace be to you! I have taken great pleasure in clearing the doctrine you have so often explained to me."

"In my home we have many idols, and I never knew any other worship than that paid to these gods."

"I did not know I had any sins, nor that these were false gods, and therefore I always revered them and fasted at the usual times, thinking if I did no great evil I would have no sins that would need repentance; thus you see my heart was happy all the time. But now in reading the Holy Scriptures I grieve in anguish of soul as I think of my many sins, and regret very much that I have not worshipped the true God at all, but always the false ones."

"Because I do not now worship the idols and our ancestors, my people here at home sneer at me and say, 'I suppose it is because you want to be Christian, that you have become so wicked you do not reverence our ancestors.' According to the custom, five times in the year we have great feasts in idol worship; now, the first time this year I bowed before the idols, but at the second feast I would not do so, and ever since that time I have prayed three times each day to the true God in heaven."

"I ask the Lord in great mercy to help me understand plainly, also I beg him to forgive my many sins. Do you think the great God will forgive me? I implore you, doctor, to pray to the Lord for me."

"My desire each Sabbath would be to worship with you and hear the gospel, yet I am afraid of the fierce talk it would cause in my home, and so I dare not go."

"Still, should you have baptism at any time, I should like to go very much, though if any of my people accompanied me I could not worship



openly before them; and on this account, doctor, will you *ask* me to kneel down at prayer time when I come, and then I can do so before them all.

"The Scriptures seem very precious to me when I read them, and I have the desire to know more and more; but at present I simply know that there is but one only true God, and that to worship idols is not only of no use but also very sinful.

"It seems very difficult in the midst of so much opposition to try to be a Christian, yet I not only try but am anxious that my mother should believe in the doctrine too.

"Though she has always worshipped the idols, yet she has had some misgivings about its being perfectly right to do so. Lately she has been more influenced by the talk of those around us, and has resisted these convictions. I wish she would change her mind and see the real truth, then I should be happy indeed. But now I know she has not really repented, and it troubles me very much.

"Still, doctor, do not speak of this letter, yet whenever you see her very earnestly and plainly talk with her and help her to understand the gospel. She tells me all the time she *cannot* believe, and so I know she is not really and truly trusting in Jesus.

"I shall always pray to the one true God, and trusting in the merits of Christ, hope that I shall receive the forgiveness of my sins.

"Do you think I shall ever receive this perfect peace in my heart?

"May peace and tranquility be yours!  
SUI SHAU TSIA."

—Biblical Recorder.

### A Fish Sermon.

BY REV. EGERTON R. YOUNG.

Late one summer, while traveling on my missionary trips through the wild north land, the following incident occurred which very clearly showed how it is still possible to do work for the Master outside of the pulpit. I had gone on a journey of several miles to visit some Indian bands at Oxford Lake and elsewhere, and had had a most delightful and successful time. They who loved the Saviour were much cheered and comforted, and many who up to that visit had refused Christianity had now cheerfully accepted it.

We made the greater part of the return trip all right, had reached Harry Lake early in the forenoon, and were rapidly paddling out of the river which entered into it when again we heard the report of guns. So anxious were we to get on that we hesitated about stopping. It was

now later in the season, and winter was coming back. Fierce storms had raged, and the ice had formed on the lakes and rivers. We were dreading these fierce fall storms, which come down very suddenly and stir up those northern lakes so that in a very short time where all was calm and still great foam-crested waves go rushing madly by.

The lake before us, into which we had just entered and which was several miles in diameter, was now as placid as a pond. To cross it now, as in wondrous beauty it spread before us, would be but a pleasant jaunt. The poetry of motion is to be found in the Indian's birch canoe when the water is calm and the sky is clear. Cold-hearted prudence said, "Go on, and never mind those Indians signals for you to land." Our better natures said, "They may be in need and have good reasons for asking you to stop. Perhaps you can do them good." So we turned the head of our canoe to the shore, and were soon alongside the rock on which we saw them standing. They were five hunters. Without getting out of the canoe, we asked why they had signaled us to come ashore. Their answer was one we had often heard before. They were hungry and wanted help. Finding they had only been a few days away from the fort, where they had got supplies, I asked how it was that they were badly off. Their reply was that they had unfortunately left their powder, which they were carrying in a canvass bag, out on the rocks a few nights before. While they slept the rain came down upon them and ruined it, and so they could not shoot anything. I quickly said to one of my men. "How much food have we?" He examined our limited supply, and then said there was about one square meal.

We found these men were pagan Indians whom I had met before, and had talked with about becoming Christians; but all I could get from them was the characteristic Indian shrug of the shoulders and the words, "As our fathers lived, so will we." Our dinner was the last of a bear we had shot a few days before. While it was cooking the storm which we feared began to gather, and ere our dinner was finished the lake looked very different from what it was an hour before. If we had not stopped we could have easily got across it. As it was now, it would have been madness to have ventured out upon it. So we had to pull up our canoe and there, as contentedly as possible, wait for the storm to cease. It raged furiously all that day and the next. The third day it began to moderate. What made it worse for us was the scarcity, or rather the entire absence,

of food. We were, unfortunately, storm-bound in about the worst part of the county for game. It was so late in the season that the ducks and geese had gone south, the beaver and musk-rats were in their houses, and we could find nothing. On some of our trips we carried fishing-tackle, but this time we had nothing of the kind. Fortunately we had some tea and sugar.

Without breakfast, dinner, or supper we had to live on as best we could. Before we lay down to sleep there had to be a considerable tightening of the belts or there would be no sleep at all, so keen were the gnawing of hunger. I found it helpful to sleep to roll up my towel as hard as possible, and then crowd it under my tight belt over the pit of my stomach. Nearly three days without food was a not pleasant ordeal, even in missionary work.

We held several religious services, even though our congregation was a small one. We also found out that it was not at all helpful to piety to try to worship on an empty stomach, and have been ever since in great sympathy with those who would feed the poor first and then preach to them.

The third day one of the Indians while walking along the shore found the old bleached shoulder-blade of a bear. With his knife he carved out a rud fish hook, and taking the strings of his moccasins and others he formed a line. A piece of red flannel was used as bait and a small stone served as a sinker. With this primitive arrangement he began fishing. His method was to stand on a rock and throw the hook out as far as the line would permit, and then draw it in rapidly like trolling.

Strange to say, with this rude appliance he caught a fish. It was a pike weighing six or eight pounds. Very quickly was it scaled, cleaned, and put in the pot. When cooked, about a third of it was put in my tin plate and placed before me with these words: "Please, missionary eat." I looked at the hungry men around me and said, "No, that is not the way." And then I put back the third of the fish with the rest, and, taking out my hunting knife, I counted the company, and then cut the fish into eight pieces and gave each man his eighth, and took an equal portion myself. It was right that I should thus act, and it seemed to be a little thing to do, but it was a sermon that led those five men to become Christians. As soon as they had finished their portions they lit their pipes, and as they smoked they talked; and as near as I and my men could make out here is what they said:

"We must listen with both ears to

that missionary. He is here without food, suffering from hunger because he stopped to share with us his meal. We caught a fish, and when we offered him a large piece he refused it, and divided equally with us all. He has been anxious to do us good and to have us listen to his words. He has not once scolded us for asking him to stop, although he could have got across the lake before the storm arose, and, as the rest of the way is in the river, he could have gone on home. He has shown himself to be our friend and we must listen to what he has to say."

Thus they went on, and I must confess that I paid but little attention to what they were saying. After a few hours more the storm went down, and we gladly embarked that evening in our canoe and pushed on.

The next day we reached the mission village of Rossville, making our last portage at Sea River Falls, near Norway House; and as we saw the fish and venison hanging on the stagings around the houses of the people my patient fellows cried out: "We should like to laugh at the sight of food, but we are too empty altogether."

We paddled the last mile as quickly as we had any other, and kept up our courage until we were home. As I entered the house a strange faintness came over me, and all the welcome words I could give to my loved ones were, "My dear, we are starving; please get us some food." Then I sank down exhausted. Loving care from one of the best and bravest of wives quickly brought me round again and I was soon ready to be off on another trip.

The long winter passed away and the welcome summer came at last. We have really very little of spring in that northern land. The transition from winter to summer is very rapid. With the disappearance of the ice from the lakes and rivers came the Indians in their birch canoes, from various quarters where they had spent the winter in trapping the fur-bearing animals. As usual, they came to see the missionary in goodly numbers. Among those who thus honored us were five big men, who, after a few words of greeting said, "We hope you have not forgotten the fish; we have not, and we want to have a little talk with you."

"Fish?" I said. "Why, we have fish twenty-one times a week, boiled, baked, fried, salt, dried—good, bad, and indifferent. I have seen so many fishes I cannot think of any one in particular."

Then they told me about the long delay by the storm, when I had stopped and fed them, at the time when

[Continued on page 24.]







giving beauty and harmony to them all. Thus seen by others they are constrained to glorify God for the beautiful works of His people.

The Christian light here is only the tip ends of the heavenly rays which have their source in the bright world above. If these mere tip ends of light so near the black dens of sin, can so warm our cold hearts, give vision to sin closed eyes and paint scenes of such beauty here, what must be the thrilling influence, the spiritual vision, and the beauty of the heavenly city when we enter the mansion prepared under the great lamp of God's love.

### Money.

As we have to make every edge cut this week possible, in order to get out a part of a paper, and thinking the following, taken from the *Common People*, better than any thing we could write on this important subject, *Money*, it is given space on the editorial page: A reward was offered for the best definition or description of money, and the author of the following gained the prize: "Money, an article which may be used as a universal passport to everywhere except to heaven; and is a universal provider of everything except happiness."

"Money," says the wise man, "answereth all things." The oracle said to Phillip of Macedon, when he inquired how he might conquer his enemies,

"Make coin thy weapons, thou shalt conquer all."

There are those who seem to worship money for itself alone; but in most instances, the love of money is the love of what money will do, and what money will bring. But there are limits to the power of this mighty instrumentality. It cannot purchase health; it cannot purchase peace; it cannot purchase contentment; it cannot purchase happiness; it cannot drive away the King of Terrors when he approaches; it cannot soothe the anguish of a breaking heart; it cannot reunite severed ties; nor give comfort to souls that are in sorrow and dejection. Money may be a good servant, but it is a cruel master, and he, who all his life long strives for gain, is under the heavy yoke of a cruel and oppressive tyrant. When one can use money and control it, and do good with it, it is a blessing to many; but he who becomes its slave, spends his days and nights in gaining and thinking of it, hoarding his gains and mourning over his losses, has not learned the real use of money, but has become its slave instead of its master. The Lord sometimes has use for money; he sent his

apostle to take a fish from the sea with money in his mouth. The silver and the gold are his, as well as the cattle on a thousand hills. And these are all good gifts from his bountiful hand, to be used and not abused.

But the Saviour has warned us against the love of money; against the dangers that result from its possession, and has cautioned us most solemnly against being ensnared and overcharged with the things and thoughts of this world. He has told us how to be rich toward God, and to lay up treasures in heaven; and happy shall we be, if we heed his instructions, and attend to his precepts. Wisdom is a defense; money is a defense; but, better than all it is to have the Lord for our portion, and trust him with all our hearts.

### From the Virginia Valley.

BRO. CLEMENTS:—I arrived here the 11th of December, went to Antioch next day preached and held the first quarterly Conference, after which the Missionary Society met and transacted their business. They have quite an interesting Society here. Sunday was communion.

The next Wednesday night I preached at Linville. The church there insisted that the meeting be protracted, so I preached every night for a week, had an interesting meeting. The Christians all worked together and appeared to enjoy the meeting. Twelve were converted. There will be some accessions to the church.

I filled my appointment at Bethlehem 3rd Sunday of December. Owing to sickness the congregation was small.

I was taken with la grippe, the day before Christmas and could not fill my appointment at Linville 4th Sunday, nor at Concord 1st Sunday of this month. There have been a good many cases of la grippe here. Twenty-five cases at Linville at one time, a number deaths have followed. Near Antioch church were three deaths in a week's time: Thos. J. Cline and wife and Miss Sallie Murry, a sister of Mrs. Cline. Bro. Cline and Sister Murry died the day before Christmas. Bro. Cline died first, then in two hours Sister Murry passed away. These two were buried at Antioch in the same grove Christmas day. Sister Cline died the next Wednesday morning at 7 o'clock, was buried by her husband and sister the last day of December 1891. Bro. Cline was a member of the Presbyterian church. Sister Cline and Sister Murry were members of Antioch Christian church and were two of her best members. Bro. D. F. Lineweaver says if there were ever saints on earth this family were. They remind-

ed me of Lazarus, Mary and Martha, they loved Jesus and Jesus loved them. It was the saddest Christmas day ever known at Antioch.

The day before new year there rose a dark cloud of dreariness and sadness by the burial of Sister Cline. Sister McMullen died the same week. I was not able to attend any of the burials of these Sisters. Antioch has lost three worthy members, but what is her loss is their gain.

E. T. ISELEY.

Melrose, Va., Jan. 11, 1892.

### Rev. L. C. Madison.

Rev. L. C. Madison a minister of the N. C. & Va. Conference has been called by the Master up higher. Bro. Dawson's account of his death shows it was one of the most triumphant. It was our pleasure to spend a night with this dear brother some seven years ago. He impressed us with the thought that he was a most excellent man of God. Our ministers are passing away one by one. As we never saw Bro. Madison but the one time, we know but little to write about him. We feel thankful to Bro. Dawson for giving us an account of his life and death.

### DEATH OF BROTHER L. C. MADISON.

"I'll soon be at home over there," were among the last words of one well known to many of the SUN's readers. Our dear brother or rather father, Rev. L. C. Madison, who died Dec 26th 1891.

He was about 72 years old. Professed religion at the early age of ten years; commenced preaching when he was twenty, making a period of fifty-two years that he served as a faithful minister of the gospel.

He left his dear companion and three children, one son and two daughters, to mourn their loss; also a host of friends who will greatly miss him round about Howard's Chapel, the neighborhood in which he lived, for they say "He was such a good pastor." Brother Madison was a great hand to visit the various families in his reach and, as he often said, preach his "little sermons around the fire-side."

The writer knows several who say "Brother Madison's visit to my home" at some stated time first put me to thinking on, and finally resulted in my soul's salvation."

Brother Madison was with us in the protracted meeting at Howard's Chapel the second Sunday in Oct. and the week following and did good work in the meeting. Well do I, with many others, remember especially one special prayer that he offered under the influence of the Holy Spirit, for a revival of religion and the conversion of lost souls. Only eternity will reveal the result of that prayer.

I was at his home the second Sunday in Dec. while he was suffering

with la grippe which resulted in his death. He told me that he didn't think he would get well, but seemed perfectly resigned and patient under his afflictions.

I had spent many happy hours in his home around the old hearth stone, and had hoped to spend many more with him this year. For I could always listen to him with patience and learn something thereby. He was well posted in the Scriptures—much better than even many who knew him were aware of.

To know him well was to go to his home, and to go to his home was to learn something you didn't know.

But brother Madison has gone up higher where he knows as God knew him. He had been a "good soldier," fought many a battle, gained not a few victories, but God said "Enough, come up higher, put off thine armor and I'll give thee a crown with many stars." He made full proof of his ministry, when his departure was at hand, he could say "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day."

"For they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever."

Not long before his departure, he sang with voice clear and tones expressive, the hymn "O think of a home over there," etc. And after singing, he said to a brother, who had just arrived, "Tom I'll soon be at home over there, for they have come for me." Then reaching out his hand, as if feeling for them, he said "Here are brother Wellous and brother Carr and brother Iseley, also my father and mother. And Tom, I see ten thousand children about the size of your little Lucy and less and they are all singing—O how beautiful." And then he rejoiced with a smile of peace and triumph, saying "What a meeting that will be when brothers Long and myself (and some others whose names the writer can't recall) shall meet to part no more—shall all get home."

O brethren how encouraging to us as soldiers of the cross, to go forth battling for the "Captain of our salvation." With the fortitude of a Jasper and bravery of a Paul let us hold up the blood stained banner—"the banner of love," that we may "die the death of the righteous and our last end be like his." How blest the righteous when he dies. Brother Madison was conscious to the last.

By request the writer preached the funeral. And it was his first effort to preach a funeral sermon.

T. B. Dawson.



[Continued from page 21.]

they had not kept their powder dry; and how, when one of them caught a fish and offered me a good-sized piece I divided it equally among them. As they brought the incident back to my memory, for there were so many strange adventures occurring in the wild life that this one had partly faded, I said: "Yes, I now remember there did happen something of the kind."

Very earnestly spoke up one of them and said: "We have never forgotten it, and all through the moons of the winter we have talked about it and your lessons out of the great book. And while up to that time we had decided not to be Christians, but to die as did our fathers, we have changed our minds since that time you divided the fish, and we want you to teach us more and more of this good way."

They were intensely in earnest and fully decided for Christ. So five more families settled down in the Christian village, and are giving evidence by their lives and conversation that the change wrought in them was real and abiding. Their conversion in this peculiar way was very cheering to us, and it was another lesson to be "instant in season, out of season." *From By Canoe and Dog Train.*

#### The Check Old Tom Signed.

"I'll fill out this check for you, Tom, if you will wait a moment. It is signed, and father told me to fill it out for the amount if he wasn't here. Two and a half,—isn't it?"

Old Tom took up the check in his trembling fingers, and looked at the straight, business-like signature.

"Just to think that his name is good for thousands of dollars," he muttered, half to himself and half to the bright-faced boy who stood beside his desk with his pen in his hand, ready to fill out the check. "And yet, when we were boys together, I was as good as he was, any day, and my chances in life were just as good. It's been drink that made all the difference. Well, it's too late to help it now."

"No, it isn't too late, Tom," cried Hugh Evans, earnestly. He knew the sad story of this man's gradual descent from an honorable, respected life to the level of a common drunkard, and he felt an impetuous desire to help him, boy though he was. He heard father say, only to-day, that if you would sign this pledge, he would trust you to keep it, and he would give you steady work and good pay. Do sign it, Tom, I have a blank one here. It will make such a difference, not only to you, but to your wife and children, if you will."

A gleam of hope lighted up the dim

eyes, but it died out in an instant and Tom shook his head.

"Some other day, Hugh. Some other day. I must treat my friends for the last time, and I'll have a little money to-night, you see, when you give me that check. Some day I will, but not now."

"Don't put it off, Tom," pleaded Hugh, putting the pledge before the man, and giving him the pen. "Why, don't you see, it's as good as a check! Sign it, and it means health, comfort and a good living which you could make well enough if you would let drink alone, and respect from every one that knows you. Why, my father's signature couldn't mean more than that!"

Old Tom was won by the boy's enthusiasm.

"I'll see what my signature is good for," he cried, with sudden resolution; and grasping the pen firmly, he wrote his name on the pledge.

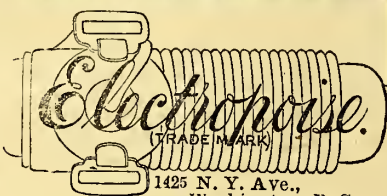
"There, I've done it; and God helping me, I'll keep it," he said solemnly. "Low as I've fallen, I never broke my word yet."

An hour later he entered his home, with the check in one pocket and the pledge in the other.

The check was a proof to the poor wife of his intention to keep the pledge, for she knew it must have been hard work to come home sober with money in his pocket.

Need I tell you that the signature on the pledge was never dishonored? It meant a happy home, new hope for the despairing wife, respect, prosperity, and God's blessing.

And Hugh! He felt as if he had done the grandest temperance work of his life, though he lived to be a successful temperance worker, when he persuaded old Tom to sign that check.—*Sunday School Times.*



1425 N. Y. Ave., Washington, D. C.  
OFFICE OF YORK ENTERPRISE  
YORKVILLE, S. C., Aug. 14, '91  
ATLANTIC ELECTROPOISE—Gentleman; For the past five years my wife has been a sufferer from dyspepsia. So completely did the disease make a wreck of her former self that life was almost despaired of. Her nervous system was a mass, entirely destroyed, and the slightest noise would throw her into a nervous spasm, which would last for hours. Medical skill failed to bring any relief. Through the recommendation of an eminent divine we were induced to try the Electro-Poise. After a persistent use of the instrument, the effect has been wonderful. Her nervous system has been restored to its almost normal condition; her digestion is wonderfully improved; she is rapidly gaining in flesh; and, upon the whole, is making a rapid recovery, which speaks volumes for the wonderful curative powers of the Electro-Poise, as her case was considered hopeless. If any are skeptical on the subject, let them try the Electro-Poise, and its wonderful powers will quickly dispel all doubt.  
Yours truly, W. M. PROBST.

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## PATENTS

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## DONALD KENNEDY Of Roxbury, Mass., Says:

Strange cases cured by my Medical Discovery come to me every day. Here is one of Paralysis—Blindness—and the Grip. Now how does my Medical Discovery cure all these? I don't know, unless it takes hold of the Hidden Poison that makes all Humors.

VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA, Sept. 9th 1891.  
Donald Kennedy—Dear Sir: I will state my case to you: About nine years ago I was paralyzed in my left side, and the best doctors gave me no relief for two years, and I was advised to try your Discovery, which did its duty, and in a few months I was restored to health. About four years ago I became blind in my left eye by a spotted catarrh. Last March I was taken with La Grippe, and was confined to my bed for three months. At the end of that time, as in the start, then it struck me that your Discovery was the thing for me; so I got a bottle, and before it was half gone I was able to go to my work in the mines. Now in regard to my eyes, as I lost my left eye, and about six months ago my right eye became affected with black spots over the sight as did the left eye—perhaps some twenty of them—but since I have been using your Discovery they all left my right eye but one; and, thank God, the bright light of heaven is once more making its appearance in my left eye. I am wonderfully astonished at it, and thank God and your Medical Discovery.  
Yours truly, HANK WHITE.

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Delicious Candy, cheaply and quickly  
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and general stores.







## Do Not Think Out Loud.

One of the most common faults in public speakers is thinking out loud. A man rises to address a congregation, he says, "I was thinking"—of course he was thinking, if not he would not be speaking. "I was about to remark"—why does he not remark, and done with it? "I wish to present a few observations for your consideration"—why does he not present them, and stop? "I have been reminded of an incident which will illustrate this subject"—but who cares whether he has been reminded of it or not? If he has an illustration, why not give it? "I am reminded of a little anecdote, which may seem somewhat ludicrous to you;"—never fear—the most ludicrous thing in the world with such an introduction would be discounted in advance, and would be as flat as a bottle of beer that had been carried across the Atlantic with the cork out.

A person who has five minutes for speaking will sometimes take one-third of the time telling what he should like to say, and another third what he proposes to say, and finally stops without saying anything. A very considerable portion of the talk which reaches the ears of public congregations is prefatory, apologetic, explanatory verbiage, which is not of the slightest consequence or importance.

If you have anything to say, say it; and do not tell what you propose to say, or what you wish you could say, or what you have thought of saying; but blurt out what you *have* to say, and let the people hear it; and you may say as much in five minutes as some long-winded, prosy mortal will in an hour, and the people who sleep while he talks, will wake up when you begin. It is very likely that he will be accounted wise in his dullness, while you will have no such reputation; nevertheless the people will hear what you say, and remember it, and hear what he says, and forget it!

Many a person sits down to write, and wastes a considerable time talking about beginning, and more time writing introductory platitudes, and finally says, "I must hasten to a conclusion"—but if the man wishes to hasten, why does he not hasten, and say what he has to say and stop? It is simply because the man has accustomed himself to *do his thinking in public*, and to put down on paper whatever comes into his mind without the slightest thought as to whether it is a matter of interest to any one but himself or not. The man who will omit apologies, prefaces and needless explanations, and state his facts briefly, tersely; pointedly, and solid as a rock, will be the speaker whom the people will keep awake to hear, and

who will get in more talk into half an hour than some would into an hour; and his terse sentences and vigorous and quaint illustrations will linger long in the memories of those that hear them, and will bear fruit in many lives; for "the words of the wise are as goads; and as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies, which are given from one shepherd." Eccl. xii. 11.—*Selected.*

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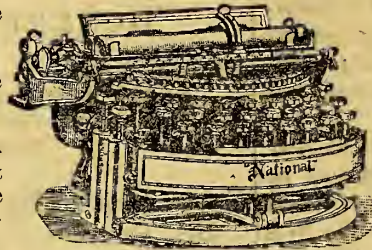
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## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

## Lesson III. Overcome with Wine.

ISAIAH XXVIII. 1-13.

GOLDEN TEXT:—Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise Prov. 20:1.

Intemperance is not a crime of modern origin. The nations of old all suffered from the effects of strong drink. The Jews were afflicted by this same demon and, as the prophet tells us in the lesson, were brought to a low state of morals on its account. Strong drink has the same effect upon nations that it has upon families. Just as a man may give himself up to the bottle and degrade and bring to misery and want to his wife and children, so may the citizens of a nation become such votaries of intoxicating drink as to bring the standard of virtue and morality to a very low state. Such was the case with the chosen people of God at the time of the lesson.

It seems that Samaria and the surrounding country were adorned very beautifully at this time. Its fine architecture and beautiful streets and lovely fields beyond its limits were looked upon with pride and doubtless much boasting by the inhabitants. But the prophet pronounces a woe upon these. He foresees the result which drunkenness is bound to produce. He tells them of the great and mighty one whom the Lord hath, and whom the Lord will send upon them "as a tempest of hail and a destroying storm." "The crown of pride," he tells us, "and the drunkards of Ephraim shall be trodden underfoot." A similar fate awaits all drunkards. The man begins by taking a drink now and a drink then. For awhile he can control himself, but never was there an appetite that slowly gained more complete control of a man than that for whiskey, and soon the poor fellow finds himself lying in the public highway, across the railroad track, or in the bottom of a ditch. A confirmed drunkard is generally forsaken by all. There is a story current which is as follows: A pig was lying on one side of a ditch: a drunkard came along and laid down on the other side. Pretty soon some men came along in a wagon, saw the drunkard and the pig, and said, "One is known by the company he keeps." The pig, it is alleged, heard what the men said, grunted, and got up and left.

The prophet speaks of the priests' and the prophets' having erred through strong drink. From this fact we are not surprised that the people became demoralized. The ministers of God are examples for the people;

if they do wrong it is bound to have its influence. No minister can afford to retain his office and persistently indulge in those things against which he preaches.

In the ninth verse the question is asked: "Whom shall he teach knowledge? And whom shall he make to understand doctrine?" The answer comes in substance, "the children." In all reforms, the children are the ones who are most easily won. When a person has become old and settled, it is very hard for him to change his ideas of things, or to turn him from his old habits, but the children are susceptible to change and can be easily turned aside from the old beaten track to new paths. We are told that they are to be taught line upon line, and precept upon precept; a little here, and a little there. Such is the manner of all kinds of teaching. Little by little we acquire all we know, both good and bad. It is the little things in life that make up the greater and do the most good or evil.

HERBERT SCHOLZ.

## Elon College Notes.

Yes, we held those examinations. All last week and one day this week was consumed in that work. All examinations are written and each one consumes a day. Just as we expected—or rather just as we knew—some "fell through" and the number of these was not as small as could be wished. "Falling through" is not a nice thing to do, nor does it make for a student an enviable reputation, but some will persist in so doing. Of course, the teacher is as sorry of this as the pupil and even more so frequently, but it can't be helped. Your humble servants who are trying to teach up here decided about a year and a half ago that when a student passed through at Elon it should mean something, and that no one, male or female, great or small should pass the examination and be advanced to a higher class unless he honestly deserved it. We are trying to plod along on the same schedule yet. How near we come at this is left with our students and others in after life to decide. Of course it would appear much better to patrons and to the outside world if all the reports were to go out with high grades upon them and then publish the fact that all our students "got through" and with highest honors and all that. But some how or other we are not inclined to that kind of dealing up here. Grades are not given for appearance nor as complimentary, but as a matter of fact, as near as figures can calculate.

The new term began last Tuesd:Y

Several new students were enrolled.

The weather was very inclement yesterday, a beautiful snow on the ground and more falling through the day. No church services were held and the day was spent almost in unbroken quiet at Elon. Reading, writing and sleeping was the order of the day, I would imagine.

Mr. A. J. Rawls, husband of our efficient matron at the "dorm," arrived from Virginia last week and will make this his home for the future.

We have been so busy during the past week that we haven't had time for any further "news" to happen so I will quit for this time.

J. O. A.

Jan. 11, 1892.



## THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:—

As there are so many people sick I suppose the cousins are all on the sick list, if so I am really sorry. Let us trust to God. I think a great deal of sickness is caused by our sinfulness, don't you? I know that whenever I am sick lately I can trace the cause directly to the disobedience of some of the divine laws, therefore I think it is with others about the same as with me.

The Sun has lost a press and a lot of type by a fire, but fortunately was able to get an old press to use until a new one can be gotten. So if you hear any complaints tell them that Mr. Clements is doing the very best he can and that they should be thankful that he is able, under the circumstances, to get out a paper this week at all.

Cordially yours,

UNCLE TANGLE.

YOUNGSVILLE, N. C., Jan. 1, 1892.

DEAR UNCLE TANGLE:—I will write to you and the cousins once more I have not written in some time. How have you and cousins enjoyed Christmas. I have enjoyed myself every well. We had a meeting at the Christian church on Christmas day celebrating the anniversary of our dear Lord's birth. The meeting was very interesting—several made talks on the birth of our Savior. The only thing to be lamented was that there were so few at the meeting and thereby they lost so much by being away. That night we had a Christmas tree, the house was crowded with people—that which was of less importance they were sure to attend. Jesus did not set us such an example and we should try to be like him. I will close, love to you and the cousins. I will will ask the cousins

how old was Enos when he died? You ask us to tell you our age: I am 14 years old. I am a member of the Youngsville Christian church.

I remain your niece,

MINNIE KLAPP.

Minnie, we are glad to hear from you and hope you do not feel lonesome here all by yourself. We should have had your letter in the Corner last week but Mr. Clements carried it around in his pocket till it was too late. Write again soon.

Attention Music-Lovers.

The New Year's holiday number of *Brainard's Musical World* contains, besides a large amount of interesting reading matter, three new piano pieces: "The German Patrol," by Eilenburg; "In the Valley Polka," by Pehel and "Au Matin," an elegant French composition by Godard; also a beautiful new waltz song, "Only in Dreams," by Geo. Schleiffarth, mailed for 15 cents or three back numbers mailed for 25 cents in stamps.

*The Musicians' Guide* (new edition for 1892) contains, besides 212 pages of musical information, biographies of 150 musicians, with 25 portraits, a "Teachers' Guide" and other valuable features, three new songs. "My Kathleen's Coming Back," "Last Night" and "That is Love," and two piano pieces, "Sounds from the Ballroom" and "Stolen Kisses"—Gavotte. Mailed free for eight two-cent stamps, or the *World* and *Guide*, containing the above nine songs and pieces, mailed for twelve two-cent stamps. Address, The S. Brainard's Sons Co., Chicago, Ill.

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## Executor's Notice.

Having qualified as Executor of Mrs Rachel M. Ferrell, deceased, I hereby notify all persons having claims against her estate to present them to me for settlement on or before the 17th day of December, 1892.

J. H. FLEMING,

Executor.

Ra'eigh, Dec. 8th 1891.

## A Little Girl.

The daughter of J. B. Cox, a leading merchant of Big Island, Va., who had an alarming cough baffling the skill of the physician, was cured by the use of Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein.

**OPIUM** Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.



## Bits of Information.

The largest crop of Sea Island cotton ever harvested was picked during the present year. It amounted to 68,000 bales, or about 40 per cent. more than the crop of 1887-8. A much larger proportion of this crop than usual was consumed at home. Last year the domestic demand called for only 19,000 bales; this year it has taken 26,602 bales, or quite as much as England took last year. *-T. Stile Record.*

It has been discovered that a consignment of 7,800,000 pounds of flour, purchased from dealers in Libau with a view to regulating the price of wheat in the St. Petersburg market, as well as to furnish relief for the famine districts, was heavily adulterated with chalk dust and other substances. The Russian papers comment upon it very severely, saying that if such a crime can be perpetrated in the Capital, the reports of similar frauds in the remoter and famine provinces cannot be discredited. *-Indeleu de it.*

The *Panama Star and Herald* says the indications are that the Panama Canal enterprise will fall into the hands of the United States Government, and "judging from past experiences, that would probably be about the best thing that could happen for the enterprise, failing the support of the French Government." The Panama people have never believed very much in the Nicaragua Canal, for various reasons, among them a natural objection to a rival scheme. But there are many people on the Isthmus who have believed that the Nicaragua enterprise is merely a bluff game, intended to depreciate the value of the Panama ditch and force it into the hands of Americans. The Isthmus papers have published paragraphs detailing the non-success of the Nicaragua Canal, or alleged perfunctory work on it, to just keep it a live issue.

It is said that an underground city has been discovered in Russian Turkestan, near the Kakharan town of Korki. The entrances are by a series of large caves in the side of a rocky hill. Effigies and inscriptions have been found, and also designs upon gold and silver money, which leads to the belief that the town dates back to some two centuries before the birth of Christ. There are a number of streets and squares surrounded by houses two and three stories high. Urns, vases, cooking pots, and other utensils have been found in great abundance. The symmetry of the streets and squares, and the beauty of the baked clay and metal utensils, attest the fact that the people had reached an advanced stage of civilization. It is supposed the town was concealed in the earth to give the population a refuge from the incursions of savages and robbers. *-Boston Journal.*

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